



POP·STEE·CUT

25 CENTS

AUTUMN ISSUE

BOB DYLAN'S GREATEST HITS

At times on this album you feel that Bob Dylan is just sitting on a stool on the middle of a large auditorium, playing his songs over again to a sea of empty seats. It is just the way he has kept on going.

All of his great "hits" are here: the prophecies of "The Times They Are A Changin'", the irony and bitterness of "Positively Fourth Street", the lovely warmth and joy of "I Want You", the shrill realities of "Like A Rolling Stone". Some of his best compositions are not included in this collection (such as "Hard Rain's A Gonna Fall", "Desolation Row", "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" amongst others), but then again, this is an album of his greatest hits, the songs that invariably pop up on Andy Williams or the Boston Pops. These are the songs that have changed so much in our last few years.

Now Dylan has not had an album of new songs out in a year. There are rumours going around that he's gone crazy and has been placed in an asylum, or that he's cut off all his hair and will speak only to his dog, if he has one. Or that he can't stand the sight of a recording studio any more. But after listening to this record, you don't care about these things. You don't care what Time magazine said about "Rainy Day Women Nos. 12 & 35" or who Albert Grossman or Bob Johnston or Irwin Silber are. You don't care if he doesn't put out another disc-You just want to thank him and hope he's living the best he can, wherever he is.

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To Andy a Bird
of Shadow

Hamnet Storm
3/67

A LONDON LETTER

from Simon Schneiderman

Thursday I met, interviewed, and watched the Turtles. It should be the Turdles. Talked to their manager who told me that tambourine player Mark's wife was with him and she was expecting. I asked her if the trip wasn't too hectic for her: Hectic, schmectic, they're in love and they're young; it's like their music, man, full of love, and they believe in their music, so they live according to their beliefs. Right? Right!! I watched them rehearse for "Top of the Pops". Very interesting the way they make sure that their miming is right so that virtually no sound is produced by them. They tape their tambourines, put pads on the drums, and don't plug in their guitars. I think that since they are unattractive and don't have the lean, rebel look, but the fat Jewish look, they try to come on like clowns. Mostly jumping around by the roundest one, Mark. Later, in their dressing room, they went through the love bit. Actually, there's nothing really interesting about them, musically or intellectually. They come on very hip, everything interests them, they don't have any musical imagination, or at least when I talked to them their answers as to what they were going to produce in the future, anything new—they said they were just going to progress. When asked how they felt about the industry per se, they replied that they had full control of their music so they were happy. But the interesting scene was later that

nite.

"Blaises" is a relatively in club, although recently abandoned by the stars, though I did meet the Procol Harum lead guitarist there. If you've seen Antonioni's "Blow Up", that's what the chicks look like. Expressionless, looking very cool; you dance with them and there is never any acknowledgment that you are there, you are an excuse for them to dance. All the guys try to dress as hip and look as cool as possible. It was not my type of scene. But, interesting, the girls are relatively easy to make, though. Just one thing, "Blaises" is a bit different from other clubs; it has gambling, so you have a mixed crowd, a cross-section of wildly-dressed hippies and middle-aged with-its. So this was definitely a tough crowd, and the Turtles came on, sweating, with screwed-up equipment and definitely not cool, their biggest mistake. Rather than come across like gruff young dirties, they were smiling and sweating, being as polite as possible, which is alright. But when you have an audience used to the smashing Who and the insane Jimi Hendrix, it just doesn't work. So after a lot of sweating, and forced smiles, and noise, interspersed with one or two good numbers, they finished. I don't think many felt they got their money's worth. I think this points out an interesting factor that in the United States you have groups producing essentially better music, but when it comes to the stage

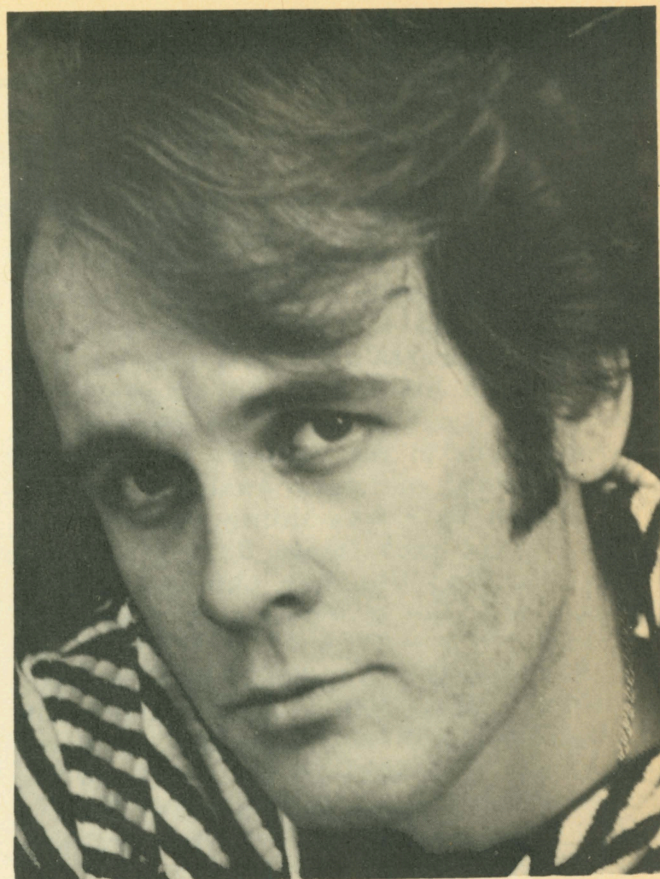
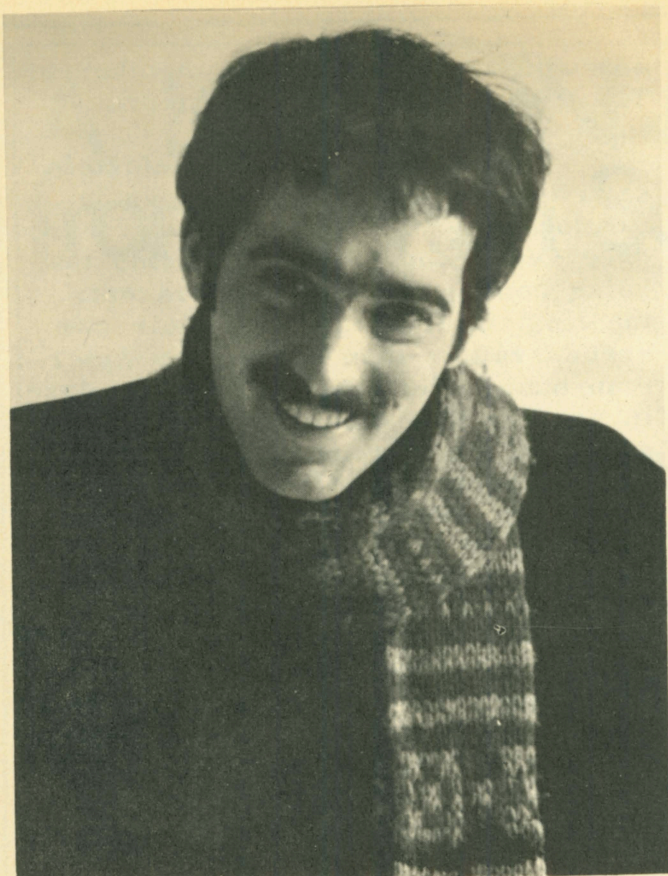
performance, I think the English try to give a little more. I think this is why English groups do better in the States than American groups do in England. Now you have the Who making it in the States solely because of their stage performance. People talk about Jimi Hendrix, of how marvelous a guitarist he is (and he is) and in the same breath they tell you he plays guitar with his teeth. So stage performance counts for more here, it seems, than in the States. However, the Turtles' manager assured me that their tour was doing well.

I also met Dusty Springfield who looks nothing like her photos. Short, thin, more like a Woolworth's sales-girl.

I was in Portabello Road today, and I'll tell you, this whole hippie bit in London is a bit sickening. These kids look like they've been dipped in vats of "cool" and saturated in the stuff. They come on with this ready-to-put-down-anything manner. And these are young kids, 17, 18, who feel they've made every scene. The chicks to a greater extent than the guys, who seem to wallow in the benefits that long hair and way-out clothes give them. But the thing is, you can't communicate with these kids. They exist behind a wall of cool, and they really put down everything. And unless you are content with a conversation consisting of three phrases and a couple of groovies, then you don't talk to them. And a lot of these kids are not just week-end hippies, like in New York, but really hung-up. It's rare that you find a chick living with her parents. They'll all tell you that they've got a shitty home-life (and here you need a complete analysis of the middle and working class revolution) and every single chick, every one, that I've met is hung up about something. These kids are being made a fortune off of. "Blaises" charges one pound to get in. Other places average \$1.50 if you're a member, more if not. That's a very big thing: club memberships. The teenyboppers always

ask which club you are a member of. The right ones hold a lot of prestige

I think what Richard Goldstein says is true that the pop scene in London is so cool that it doesn't produce very good music. You find that being cool is what really prevents the English from starting their own scenes, rather than picking up American ones. The most interesting case in point is that the most imaginative group on the English scene is the Jimi Hendrix Experience. Hendrix is American and the group is Hendrix. Coolness is the underlying thing in London; it doesn't swing so much as slide around like a piece of ice.



HEROES and VILLAINS

On our cover: Frank Zappa, leader of the Mothers of Invention. The L.A. group's latest album, "Absolutely Free" is now available; the long delay in its release was due to MGM's refusal to publish the lyrics to the lp's songs as was originally planned. Zappa, who composes classical music as well as rock satire, behind all the hair and cutting, often vulgar lyrics, might be termed one of the nicest guys in the bizz. Well, forget that 'nice guy' crap; I'm sure Zappa doesn't appreciate it as it does little to enhance his 'repulsive' public image. When I talked to Zappa, he was in a bad mood, constantly castigating everything in American society. Zappa is an almost frighteningly earnest person; his concern over what's happening all over the place results in a harsh bitterness easily misunderstood for irresponsibility. He talked about Vietnam, the Los Angeles police force ('storm troopers'), smog, daddies screwing their daughters, and the concept of being underground, all in hopeless terms. While many claim that the Village Voice has gone 'establishment' and turn to the East Village Other for relief, Zappa brought up the point that the Voice is still a better paper if only for the reason that it is a successful dissenting voice in the establishment mass media. The Voice may not be quite as 'in' with some as it used to be, but Zappa contends that to be in is nothing but a lie anyway. According to Zappa, there is already too much lying going on. "Make a list," he said, "One: people lie to themselves about who they really are. Two: employers lie to their employees. Three: parents lie to their children ..." etc. In order to change this condition, efforts should be directed within society, within the mass media. "You've got to play by their rules if you hope to have a chance." Thus Zappa & Co. have recorded two albums on Verve that have sold amazingly well and (not by mere coincidence) they contain the strongest

and most pertinent satire in America. In fact, "Absolutely Free" contains more 'love' than all the psychedelic flower power records put together because it is an awfully honest album. Instead of go through all this, why not just go live in a cave and compose nice music? 'Sure, that's a nice thing to do, but before you can do it you've got to make sure that no one is going to bomb you, and that everyone else has the same opportunity to do it, too.' As expected, the BeachBoys new single, "Heroes and Villains", is great. Over three minutes of the best music produced this year. Legal hassles delayed release of the disc; the Beach Boys now have their own label, Brothers Records, which will be distributed by Capitol. Production-wise, the Beach Boys' records are far in advance of anyone's; strangely enough they have never recorded in a Capitol studio Paul Butterfield's ex-lead guitarist Mike Bloomfield has a new band called The Electric Flag who electrified the Monterey Pop Festival in June..... Replacing Zal Yanovsky in the Spoonful is Jerry Yester, brother of the Association's Jim. Yester wears a mustache and has lots of flaming red hair and should fit in well with the group. Both Joe and Steve got haircuts while John Sebastian looks just about the same. The new group made their first public appearance at KRLA Night at the Hollywood Bowl The new terrible song by Eric Burdon & the Animals just has to be the worst song of the year. This must be the hippies answer to all those moon-in-June ditties of the fifties. Naturally the song hit the Top Ten everywhere..... The Kinks last three songs, "Dead End Street", "Mister Pleasant", & "Waterloo Sunset" went nowhere on the charts, yet they were the best things the group has ever done Procul ('Whiter Shade of Pale') Harum was formed in London

four months ago a la Monkees, through newspaper ads.....George Harrison arrived in Los Angeles recently to visit Ravi Shankar, who runs an Indian music school there. John and Paul both shaved off their mustaches and have been working on new songs for forthcoming projects. Finally, Ringo's wife, Maureen recently gave birth to another son, Jason.....Mick Jagger got off with a year probation. While all charges on Keith Richard were dropped. The Stones may perform free dates on a future U.S. tour....."I believe the raon will not/make me feel like a feather/when it comes tonight after/the streetcars have stopped/because my size is definite/Love me because nothing happens." The man who penned these lines is 32 year old Montrealer, Leonard Cohen, author ("Beautiful Losers") and poet ("Spice Box of Earth" and "Parasites of Heaven") among others, who is now writing songs and music. Cohen is one of the best songwriters around mainly because he doesn't write like a songwriter or a poet. He merely gives you himself in his songs and performance: it is as if he lets you in on everything when you are in contact with him. Cohen has been recording a Columbia album for the past few months and it should be out in October. After that he's going away to write another novel (over 300,000 copies of "Beautiful Losers" are in print) and he will return to give personal appearances in February.....The Jim Kweskin Jug Band is the only surviving element of the jug band craze that acted up three years ago. They now have three albums to their credit, and Kweskin has also recorded two solo discs (all on Vanguard). See The Reverse Side For Title is the group's latest album and it really is lovely. It's zany, light, warm and just so good-humoured that it ought to grab you instantly. Outstanding cuts are "Never Swat A Fly" (a ridiculous ditty about insect love life), "Chevrolet", "Storybook Ball" and Maria D'Amato's beautiful rendition

of John Hurt's "Richland Woman". Also included are two songs almost made famous by the Spoonful: "Blues in the Bottle" and "Fishin' Blues". The album is worth a place in your record collection Tim Hardin keeps on singing beautiful songs. His latest album is out (Verve/Folkways FT/FTS 3022) and included are the original versions of "If I Were A Carpenter" and "Lady Came From Baltimore", both successes for Bobby Darin. Hardin's vocal and instrumental style is all his own; his songs are short, soft, sad and tender, if those words really mean anything. My favourite is "Speak Like A Child". At this point it becomes useless to write about Hardin. You either like him or you don't..... Through the course of things during the past while it has seemed to me that you can't live life through anything but life itself. I can't live life through religion or anything like that because I think what I'd ultimately get is a second-hand experience. Because life, to my mind, is the only religion there is. Living is worth while if you are prepared to embrace it without cushions or armour; one will likely be satisfied when he approaches living without pretense or hidden motifs. Because then there's not really much to lose. Honesty is important, understanding is important, the willingness to try is important, and love (of life, at least) is the basis of it all. The earth is made up of trees and the sky and life all around stops and starts, and we could have a respect for all of it if we'd only push ourselves. But I mean try, with no excuses, guarantees, or catch-words attached August, 1967 Juan Rodriguez ..

INTERVIEW with RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

PSC: What was the reaction to the Sgt. Pepper review? Has it changed your attitude towards your readers, and has it affected the way you look at rock and roll?

RG: It's changed my outlook on how I look at myself as a critic and how I look at my readers. It's made me a lot more wary. I have become much more reluctant to attack established people because it hurt a lot to have people who I respected either accuse me of purposely writing a bad review to elevate my own name, or missing, completely, hidden significances which they found in the album. I've become very wary of hippies. I've lost a lot of hippies who once read me because they thought I could tell them things that nobody else could. I guess they never really respected me as a writer but of course it's always good to think that you are really very "chic" and "in" and all that.

PSC: Then, do you feel that anybody really appreciates the columns you write?

RG: It's hard to say. I guess when you run into somebody who really knows stuff that you've written a couple of months ago, then it is very flattering and gratifying. Basically I'm writing for people who know about rock and roll, who know the basics, and who are able not to take it too seriously, to be able to joke about it, and also to get ecstatic about it; because, you know, it's a very ecstatic thing.

PSC: Who do you consider among the better rock critics?

RG: Well, Ralph Gleason, of the San Francisco Chronicle, who some times approaches being an Apologist for youth, but other times is very very perceptive and is a key man in the development of San Francisco music because he gave it its first exposure and publicity. I like Hit Parader. For magazines of its kind, it's far above the cut of any fan magazines and it's not esoteric; it's for the pop audience. And when he does stuff, Jack Kroll of Newsweek is good.

PSC: He wrote something very flattering about Sgt. Pepper. He just loved it and sort of compared it to a lot of things that maybe it just wasn't.

RG: Well, it's difficult to tell whether an album is good or not from hearing it a couple of weeks. I was commissioned by the New York Times to do the review before I ever heard the album. I was originally going to do a profile of the Supremes, that was going to be my first article for the Times. They gave a terrible interview, a very lousy interview. The only good thing that happened was that Diana Ross farted during the interview. She did, and then she blushed and said, "my stomach is upset." I was going to open the lead with "The Sex Goddess of America".

PSC: BLATTTT!!!!

RG: But anyway that was pretty lousy. So I said, "Hey, the new Beatle album is out, I'll do a review of that." and uh-'cause, you know, I nearly went crazy with ecstasy over "Revolver" and when "Strawberry Fields Forever" came out I did a long article on the evolution of Beatle lyrics. I really couldn't wait until this album came out. We got the album a week ahead of time, which was a great status in New York- who could get the album before it was

"He'd just gotten over a nervous breakdown and

released-and of course the N.Y. Times has this fantastic pulling power. And so we put it on the phonograph that night, called in all the neighbourhood musicians we knew and family, friends, and all that. And towards about the fifth song everyone's face began to droop, and it just seemed really boring. It was the first time I had heard a boring Beatle album. And very tricky, very gimmicky. And I listened to it dozens of times before I wrote about it and it was a hard review to write.....so I figured, you know, that a lot of people would agree that it wasn't such a good album. For some reason, it never entered my mind that it would cause such a huge stink. I went to Monterrey, California, and it was when I came back that the whole furor started. The Times got more letters in one week that anyone had received for any one article in that section. Which they loved; because it showed that people who read the Times also listen to rock and roll. And of course the mail was vituperative; at first it was like 99.99% deeply unfavourable to my review. A lot of professors wrote in saying that the Beatles were Schubert and how dare I put them down. And the meanings that came in for the album were incredible. I think I mentioned one a while ago, that "Lovely Rita Meter Maid" was about the defeminization of the public servant in England. And then there was this thing in the Voice about how the whole thing was about loneliness which is ridiculous, patently ridiculous, because, first of all, the theme song wasn't written until the album was about half completed anyway. Nobody had the idea of making that into the central theme until the album was half done. And then people began to think of all the reasons why this new album by the Beatles had to be great. And one theory that Paul Williams is responsible for is that new criteria for judging is that if it is coherent together, if it has a theme-like this suddenly became the holy criterion, because the Beatles did it. But there are good albums where the songs don't go together. Like Revolver is a very eclectic album. And the songs don't belong together at all and it is still a much better album, a much finer album. What's still involved in whether an album is good or not is still the basics, whether the songs are good.

PSC: It seemed to me that when you wrote the village voice article you wanted to go into Sgt. Pepper more deeply, but you still hadn't changed your original judgement.

R.G.: Well, first I had more time to listen to it. And I was very uptight about the criticism. I was convinced that I was really finished as a critic. I started to ask myself, "How could you hate an album that so many people liked?" Because you can't help but ask yourself whether you have completely lost any touch with critical reality & the more I thought about it, the more I honestly thought, "People are wrong; this is just not a good album". And in the Voice article I just wanted to tell the difference between the listener and a critic in their listening approach. A critic has to look at it differently. You have to be comparative.

PSC: Does listener reality and the critics' reality tend to set you apart? Is it two different things, and is it necessary?

R.G.: I don't know if it's necessary, but it's real. I don't know if it is really desirable but you can't help it. When you listen to a song as a critic you compare it with the work the group has done before and with work that's come before it to see how it stands and how good it is. It is just impossible to judge a work out of context. When I'm listening to a work, I just sit there and whatever hits me, hits me. Criticism is just not a very indiscriminate business.

PSC: What would happen if nobody told you that record was the Beatles?

R.G.: I probably would've liked it a lot more. I would've felt "A Day In the Life" was still a fantastic song. And I probably would've written that "This is a group with tremendous potential, as exemplified by 'A Day In the Life'". I probably would've mentioned "Lucy In the Sky With Diamonds" and "When I'm Sixty - Four". I would've said that they weren't so original, but that they had a lot of potential. Because, after all, a lot of the stuff in Sgt. Pepper has been around in a less disciplined form. But, you know, it is still the Beatles, and not only do they have greater skill and they've been at it longer than most rock musicians but they have facilities that no other group has. When they say "Do something" nobody says it can't be done. People just do it. And \$100,000 is an extraordinary budget for a record.

PSC: Do your columns affect people in the business? Do you think that musicians make a record just to please Richard Goldstein?

R.G.: I absolutely can't believe that. Musicians are very particular about their work, as they should be, and if you don't like it, they hate you. And that's the way they should be, because they're very involved in what they are doing and that's it.

PSC: Do you consider R&R as an art form?

R.G.: Yeah. A popular art form. A folk art form. There used to be and there still is, actually, a great difference between high art, formal art, and folk art. This goes way back, you know, like through the Middle Ages and all the way up through history. And it's always been there in music. And R&R is urban folk music, as opposed to urban classical music or so called "serious" music. And it's only now when there's a lot more education and a tremendous availability of recorded material, that we're beginning to experience a merger of popular art forms and high art forms. The difference still is that popular art forms are not as concerned with form.

PSC: Should your listening approach toward anything be the same constant approach? Would you, let's say, have to concentrate a lot more on a classical piece than a rock number?

RG: Well, you have to concentrate a lot more on classical music and that's one of its flaws; the average person is not brought up on a steady diet of Stockhausen or Stravinsky. When I grew up in the Bronx, my parents' idea of classical music was Tchaicowsky and that was it. When I played Handel's Messiah in the bedroom my father thought it was a sacrilege. He used to come in screaming, "Turn that crap off." It was like Christmas carols to him. Whereas I did grow up with rock and roll around me, that was my art form, that was pop, you know-that was there. So I don't have to concentrate on it-it's intrinsic.

PSC: Paul Williams says that rock and roll is the only art form and that it's "what's happening" in all music, that this is the music that is being produced now, and that the other guys are going to have to catch up. That includes all the jazz boys and all the classical boys.

RG: That's the attitude of a little magazine. I don't mean a magazine with few readers but a magazine that sets out to be a little magazine-carrying a standard, you know, carrying a flag. He runs a magazine which is devoted to a movement and naturally he is very chauvinistic about it. I don't think rock and roll is the only art form. As I said, I think it's an urban folk art form and, to me anyway, it's the most exciting form of expression because it's the

closest to the one I've been brought up to, the one I respond to most readily. I think, anyway, that form is irrelevant in art because it's really the people who are in the art, not the form, and that any form can be artistic, depending on the craftsman.

PSC: Speaking of "art", what about that Eric Burdon song, "San Francisco Nights" ?

RG: I can't imagine a warm San Francisco night, I really -

PSC: But I mean the lyrics; "...Harley-Davidsons too...."

RG: Yeah, he's not a very good writer really. Tom Wilson while perusing Eric Burdon's notebooks - Tom Wilson was handed the Animals - as a group they had split up and they were a new group and they were seeking 'new directions' which means they weren't making hits, Eric Burdon wasn't satisfied - Tom Wilson was perusing Eric Burdon's notebooks and found drawings and lyrics of great merit and he encouraged Eric Burdon; so out comes "San Francisco Nights" which we heard him sing at Monterey, including the pseudo-Spanish motif.

PSC: How did people like it at Monterey?

RG: They loved it. Monterey was a very Californian event, and anything that was about the West they went crazy over. If Lou Rawls came out there and said California is the greatest they'd cheer it wildly. So when Eric Burdon came from England - it's like this thing from Cleopatra or The 10 Commandments when people come to the throne room from all over the world and they offer their treasures.

At least the teenieboppers are honest about why they like their idols. Hippies and professors aren't. A lot of crap on New York radio is bought by people over thirty-five; Frankie Valli and Jack Jones, the worst crap in pop music is chicken rock, the easy listening stuff.

PSC: What's the latest Dylan news?

RG: All I know is that he's supposed to be recording an album. I heard he was in New Orleans. And that he doesn't like the Sgt. Pepper album. Dylan is a very insulated guy. It's impossible to find out what's really going on; the only one who knows is Allen Ginsburg and he won't say anything. His managers are likely to plant information, totally false information. One recent rumour was that he had cut his hair and gone single-breasted suit, and that was printed in the trade magazines, too. He's totally elusive. Last time I called up to ask I said, "I know this is futile but I'm asking anyway. Can I do an interview with Bob Dylan? I'll try to place it anywhere you want, in the Voice, the Times, anywhere." They never called me back after thanking me profusely. It's obvious that their attitude toward journalists is that they won't allow anybody they are not sure will faithfully represent them to get near Dylan. This really galls me because it takes away the journalists role as an independent observer.

PSC: They feel they probably have adequate reason to distrust journalists.

RG: Maybe they feel they have adequate reason to distrust their star, I don't know. I've never met Dylan. He may be arrogant and ruthless, but I would rather not get to know him. I would rather think he is really a very sensitive wonderful great person, because especially in "Blonde on Blonde" I love so much of what he says on that album. It has so much meaning. That's the album in which he transcends putting people down and comes to terms to women, which he had never really done before. "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" is the most beautiful rock love poem that exists, which you don't find on "Highway Sixty-One Revisited". That album followed Newport and Forest Hills where he was booed and it really shows

on the album. Then I guess, following his marriage, "Blonde on Blonde" came.

PSC: Will anyone approach him as an artist or as a singer or whatever?

RG: I think he's one of the most important people in the rock revolution. "Bringing It All Back Home" is one of the two most important albums in folk-rock. The other one is "Rubber Soul". He's the one who took the rock lyric and expanded the length of the line in a verse. In many ways the Beatles taught him a lot of things about melody and he taught the Beatles things about lyrics. Folk-rock can be said to have begun when John Lennon met Dylan, which is really when the two began trading ideas. That could be called the Stanley-Livingstone of pop music. ... Sometimes I feel that the Byrds' skills are technical, they don't really inspire me. I don't think they're such original writers, and their live performances are shitty beyond words. We have seen them do some inexcusable concerts. Also, my roommate listened to that album (Mr. Tambourine Man) incessantly and it took me months to be able to listen to it again. That's very uncritical, but it's true. "Mr. Spaceman" was one of the great cop-outs of folk-rock. After "Eight Miles High" was banned they came out with "Mr. Spaceman" which is the cheesiest psychedelic song, even worse than "Sugar-Town". They called that the ass-backwards acid song of the year.

PSC: What about that last one they had, "Going Back to Jackson"?

RG: Yeah, it's very obscene. It's very significant that that was not banned on radio, because it is very American and because it's a Frank Sinatra enterprise. I'd like to see people banning a Frank Sinatra song or anything he has to do with. It's very obscene, very old, it's like old people singing that song. Old people's idea about young sex is really revolting.... R & B is much more sexual and, of course, it has nothing to do with acid. Take "Respect". When Otis Redding said, "... respect...", it was "I want respect when I get home from work." When Aretha Franklin did it, it was like a mutual climax. "Give it to me when you get home..." is a totally different meaning. That song was widely banned. For some reason some idiot picked up on the phrase, "...sock it to me..." in the background and decided that that was filthy. But they didn't catch the "...give it to me when you get home..." business.

PSC: Why do you like the Beach Boys?

RG: Well, first of all, Brian Wilson: I really feel that he's an honest creator. What he writes comes directly out of his own life. When we saw him the word, "vibrations" cropped up in his language at least two dozen times. He's very much into what he writes about. He said that "Pet Sounds" was composed when a lot of the wives of the group were pregnant with children, and I feel that just that event had a genuine effect on how he writes. I feel he really does draw out of his own experience, so I love the honesty. I think his honest emotion comes through, through all the technical wizardry that he uses. A lot of the lyrics in "Pet Sounds" are so wistful. "Good Vibrations" is also a psychedelic song.... but it doesn't make a damn bit of difference, straight or high, you can still appreciate it for what it is, which is really good music.

PSC: Which is the favourite column of the ones you have written?

RG: I really think I like the Rolling Stones article. The column was like in the days when I was very awed. That was the third column I did in the Voice. I got a press pass on that boat that the Stones were on: I told the press agent that it would be on the front page of the Voice and I was awed by the whole idea of the Rolling Stones. And I was stunned at the thought of looking at Mick

Jagger, just because, you know, he was Mick Jagger. He was this guy who had just gotten over a nervous breakdown and he was pale as anything and he kept running from one side of the boat to the other to avoid reporters. I went up to him towards the end of the trip and I said, "I'm going to do a story on what the reality of being Mick Jagger is." Somewhat nervously. And he looked at me and said, "The reality of me is pretty terrible today." Sometimes when I read that, I get very sad that I have lost a lot of the innocence I used to have when I first started. I haven't used the word, "O wow." in a column for a long time. I really don't feel o wow about rock and roll any more because I am really involved in the "scene" and I know "where it's at" and just in a year, I feel I've become a lot older and it really shows. I've had really bitter periods and I think it shows in my columns. I have to stop and say, "Hey wait a minute, why are you so tight? Loosen up."

PSC: There was a point a couple of weeks ago in your review of the Tim Hardin album which was completely different from the rest of the column. It was much more personal.

RG: People said I was having an affair with Tim Hardin. That just shows you the New York scene. And that's the same thing that happened with the Beatle review. Nobody could take that as face-value criticism. Nobody could say, "Boy, that guy really is a schmuck but it's an honest piece of criticism." They had to search for all kinds of hidden motives and conspiracies. New York is a town of conspiracies, it really is. They were convinced that I was involved with Tim Hardin, payola.

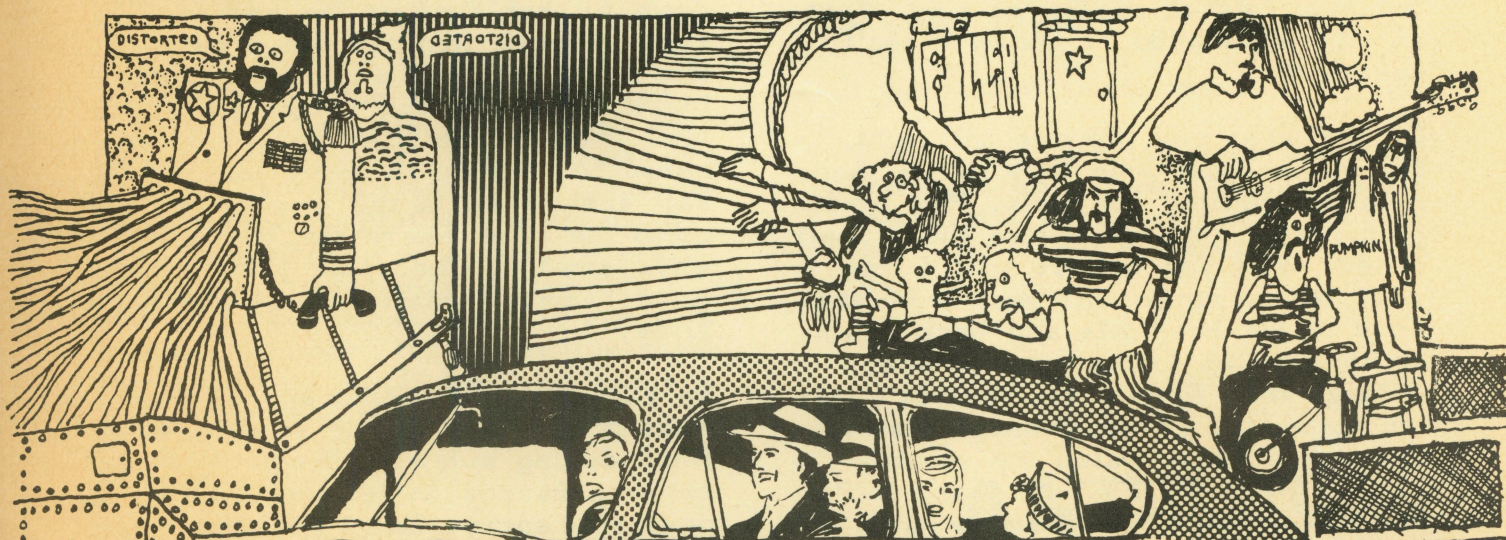
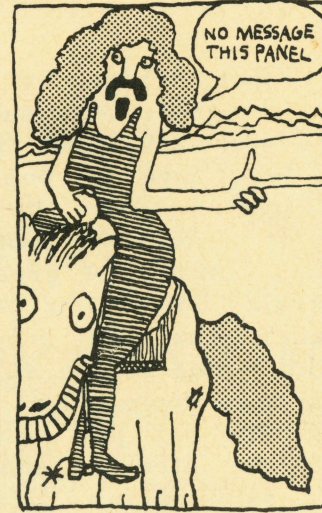
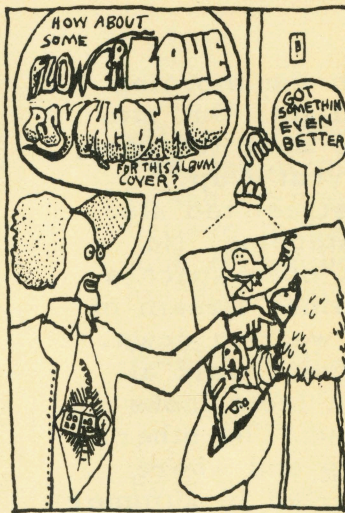
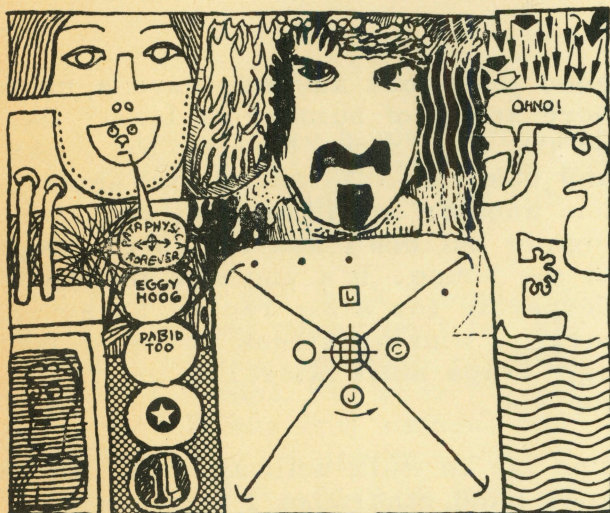
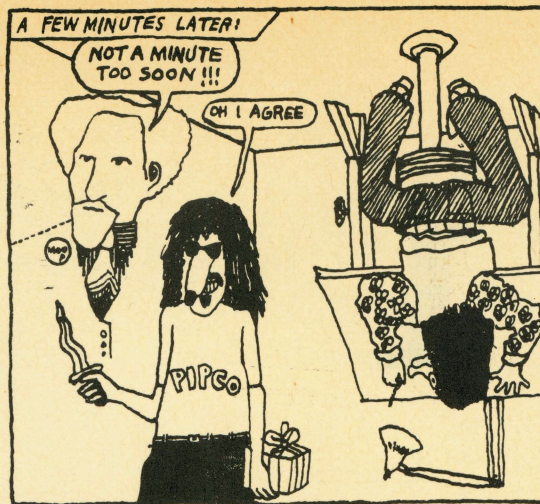
PSC: Do you get offers?

RG: Payola? Yeah, I was offered ten thousand dollars by a company to plug their people as opposed to the other companies'. And other offers of payola, more indirect. It still exists.

PSC: Does this surprise or awe you?

RG: If I'm introduced as Richard Goldstein somewhere, I have this schizophrenic thing that goes through that there's another person named Richard Goldstein. And then there's me. And it puts me very up-tight to meet people as Richard Goldstein, especially artists-rock and roll people. I hate to have to be in a position where I'm considered somebody supernatural. It nearly drives me crazy, less so now, but I went through a whole period of just not knowing how to act with people who really think I'm great. I become very shy. I really hated it. I had to get away from those people. I felt I had to live up to an image of acting super-cool which is really a drag. A drag on the emotions. It's impossible to be friends with anybody who thinks you're just this fantastically cool, great person. It's impossible for you to be open and natural because you always have to be on guard. So I only have five or six really close friends in the industry, the rest of my friends are people I met in college,other writers....they know what the realities are and that there's no magic. It's just a guess, just guesswork-they say to you, "Here's a record by Van Dyke Parks" and it's a great record, you only hope that in ten years people will say that's just a great record.

Richard Goldstein writes pop music columns for the Village Voice and the New York Times, and his articles have appeared in other publications. He is presently writing a book on rock n' roll for Prentice-Hall, tentatively entitled "The Rock Cosmology". This interview was edited for space reasons, and we apologize because the original contained more hesitations, and was more truthful.



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Wet out. White sky in the morning and brighter than sunlight. Out into the sidewalk. Shut the door too hard, at least now the pussycat's up. Weightless down the street, too sleepy to remember footstepping. No cars coming. A great open space-a parking lot, yellow chains. Dream of dancing but still only walking down. Sometimes in the summer walk all the way down, a hill in front looks like the sea just behind. The other way the street-a sharp end where the sand begins. Deserted in summer but still, lots of people walking. Just an illusion maybe. I guess it isn't deserted.

On the west side they're all right, but on the east side they're all mad-man-discredited geniuses. Hey mad-men, may I succeed where they've all failed? Will you believe that I like you? Is my smile different from the ones in the hospitals and back again at home? Can I trust you to see through me? If only you wouldn't listen to what I say-convention distorts my words. Just watch my mouth-please, my body must be true. If I'm not honest will you trust me until then?

No.

Apple pie: 79¢ but no bags big enough and sorry, no boxes left. Stuck to the tips of five fingers, will anybody knock it over? That would be a

good joke-does anybody have a mediocre sense of humour at least? Back on the west side. Nothing but banks and bakeries. Go ahead and amuse one another my images of parental dignity but don't ask for forgiveness at my house. It's you who make me desperate for a hit record or some terrific winning streak but save your ugly traps until later, I'm too young for you.

Too far to walk with an apple pie in your hand, otherwise I would walk down to that sand at the end and right through that tangled growth of fire right into the nighttime. Cold, black black sky and bright stars but less than uncountably many, cold and naked to curl up to sleep on the wet salt and awake in the waves. Walk up to the cove where the beach always smelled like apple juice in your mind. Doesn't really smell like apple juice.

So you had to say that and now see what profit, back in the street. Wind. Wind edging sideways down the street between narrow aisles, excuse me madam, I'm sorry. Can't see any more but without looking, well it's snowing. So hard, so quick and sharp, burning and stinging in the face and the ears, belly up to the ground, tangling around the buildings go and hang your trees with light if you're the right kind of snow. I know you are. Give me a bath with your tongue and I'm even

clean enough to go home to my parents' house to eat one night. So wetly clean, I'm so clean. I can rub my fingerprints together.

Hey mom, do you think I would know anything if you never beat me up? Should I be like you with my baby boy? And I think I'm your biggest victory-well it's only natural you shouldn't know. I apologize-don't sneer. You don't have to beat me up any more, I like you now.

This lady at the busstop. I used to be fascinated by the thought that she might be a mother. That meant she had been made love to. Ah, but look at her denying it. Don't you want people to know, lady? Don't you even want to tell people? You're a fool. It's all right, don't turn your life upside down for my thoughtless words, I don't care enough for you. I'm sorry for myself for that-I'm unjust like you and you are right to distrust me.

I'm just like you lady.

I'm not fascinated any more. It would fascinate me if I were your husband. This body, it's so poor and thin. There's so many things out on the streets and in the houses to tear it and stop it metal edges, how can we explain being so lucky? We all believe in magic. Ah, bless you brothers that was better but try and learn some simple piety before the next congre-

gation for we must reach the people. Yes, yes it puts us aloof but plastic is the coming material. If you won't believe in the people Brother John, just remember that an artist needs his audience. Do it for yourself.

What's this: ARABS WIN IN EXTRA
INNINGS
NEW YORK CITY 50%
APPALLED

Rain predicted(didn't foresee the snow boys. out of another job. revolve over to Toronto).

I guess I'm awake now.

Very quiet with the door this time and walk up to your bed. Kiss you awake and yes, it is early but I've been out to get a Gazette. where's poussah?

**ANDREW
COWAN**



Winter Behind
Soon Before Spring

When you call me by my name
I know I tremble;
then I feel our reunion to be real
 I am sharply melted back to the truth of you and I.
 Suddenly I know
 my smiling in the dark
 is visible to one.

I reach out
to know your face
it/you are in me
 (you say you see your reflection in my eyes)
 I am filled with wonder.
 Suddenly I can hear the wind
 and understand it to be sweet.

We dance and I am you and you are the leaves
that humbly hang soft.
 Suddenly you are the prancing horse
 whose beauty is now unimportant.

Your eyes shine blue on my breasts small enough
to quietly rest in the palms of your cradle-hands:
 you say you don't know whether you
 kiss them or they, you.

You stand before me
 the night behind and around
your face is soft and young, you are so very tall
 And I am yours at once
 and can touch the sky.

-Kay Brainin

He's not the
only one.

“
?
”

There are others, of course, who do not buy their clothes at Le Chateau. Such as Lyndon Johnson, Lester Pearson, Harold Wilson, Charles de Gaulle, Ludwig Erhard, Ronald Reagan, and Prince Philip (& Queen Elizabeth, for that matter).

But then again, they don't go to the New Penelope, or read Pop-See-Cul, either.

Seems they're missing out on a lot of things.

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